But that it beare this triall, and laſt loue:
Then at the expiration of the yeare,
Come challenge me, challenge me by theſe deſerts,
And by this Virgin Palme, now kiſſing thine,
I will be thine: and till that inſtant ſhut
My wofull ſelfe vp in a mourning houſe,
Raining the teares of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my Fathers death,
If this thou doe denie, let our hands part,
Neither intitled in the others heart.

Kin. If this, or more then this I would denie.
To flatter vp theſe powers of mine with reſt,
The ſodaine hand of death cloſe vp mine eye,
Hence euer then, my heart is in thy breſt.

Ber. And what to me my Loue? and what to me?

Roſe. You muſt be purged too, your ſins are rack'd.
You are attaint with faults and periurie:
Therefore if you my fauour meane to get,
A twelue moneth ſhall you ſpend, and neuer reſt,
But ſeeke the wearie beds of people ſicke.

Du. But what to me my Loue? but what to me?

Kat. A wife? a beard, faire health, and honeſtie,
With three-fold loue, I wiſh you all theſe three.

Du. O ſhall I ſay, I thanke you gentle wife?

Kat. Not ſo my Lord, a twelue moneth and a day,
Ile marke no words that ſmoothfac'd wooers ſay.
Come when the King doth to my Ladie come:
Then if I haue much loue, Ile giue you ſome.

Dum. Ile ſerue thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath. Yet ſweare not leaſt ye be forſworne agen.

Lon. What ſaies *Maria?*

Mari. At the twelue moneths end,
Ile change my blacke Gowne, for a faithfull friend.

Lon. Ile ſtay with patience: but the time is long.

Mari. The liker you, few taller are ſo yong.

Ber. Studies my Lady? Miſtreſſe, looke on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye:
What humble ſuite attends thy anſwere there,
Impoſe ſome ſeruice on me for my loue

Roſ. Oft haue I heard of you
Before I ſaw you, and the worlds
Proclaimes you for a man repleat
Full of compariſons, and wound
Which you on all eſtates will exe
That lie within the mercy of you
To weed this Wormewood from
And therewithall to win me, if y
Without the which I am not to
You ſhall this twelmoneth terme
Viſite the ſpeechleſſe ſicke, and
With groaning wretches: and y
With all the fierce endeuour of
To enforce the pained impotent

Ber. To moue wilde laughte
It cannot be, it is impoſſible.
Mirth cannot moue a ſoule in ag

Roſ. Why that's the way to
Whoſe influence is begot of tha
Which ſhallow laughing heare
A ieſts proſperitie lies in the ear
Of him that heares it, neuer in
Of him that makes it: then, if ſic
Deaft with the clamors of their
Will heare your idle ſcornes;
And I will haue you, and that fa
But if they will not, throw awa
And I ſhall finde you emptie o
Right ioyfull of your reformati

Ber. A twelue moneth? We
Ile ieſt a twelue moneth in an H

Qu. I ſweet my Lord, and ſ

King. No Madam, we will

Ber. Our wooing doth not
Iacke hath not Gill: theſe Lad
Might well haue made our ſpor

Kin. Come ſir, it wants a tw
And then 'twill end.

Ber. That's too long for a p

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